Macabre

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Macabre

by sourweather

Summary

You're in Cuba on vacation with some friends. Suddenly you wake up in an unfamiliar basement.

Notes

hehe this was fun I love how spooky will is <3 I had NO idea how to tag this but uh yeah its literally POV you've been abducted and you're about to be tortured killed and eaten so even tho there's no actual violence depicted like. you've been warned

You awaken in a dark room.

You're lying on your back, the surface beneath you is cold, rigid. You try to shift and the metal against your spine makes you jolt in place. The sensation makes you realize that you're naked.

In an instant, you're flooded with terror. You devolve, brought low by fear to your most base instincts. Fight. Fly.

Blindly, your eyes as yet unadjusted to the dark, you try to stand. The motion is a sharp, aborted thing. You don't get far. You try again, jerking like a raccoon in a trap. Your wrists are restrained. So are your ankles.

Your chest starts heaving. The gravity of your situation is hitting you like ocean waves, keeping you down and flooding your lungs with water.

The scream that rips from you is like no sound you've ever made. It's a ragged, howling thing, something you wouldn't have been capable of in a more civilized state. You shriek so hard that it hurts, no words or pleas, just sound. A desperate, feral signal. Someone, anyone. I'm here.

"That feel good?"

The voice is nearer to you than feels possible. Surely, if someone was so close by, you'd have sensed their presence. The fact that you didn't is enough to make you freeze for a moment, your eyes straining to make out a figure, any figure, in the darkness.

"The screaming, I mean. I feel like most people would benefit from having a good scream once in a while." It's a man's voice. He's American, by the sound of it. Are you still in Cuba? Did you get taken back to the states? Have the people you were traveling with noticed you're gone?

Your captor's footsteps feel like they echo in a cavernous space. How big is this room? You can't tell. It's like floating in a void. "I had this job once, few years back. Drove me nuts. I can't tell you how many times I wanted to just drive out to the middle of nowhere and scream my head off. I don't even get stressed anymore, but sometimes I come down here and scream for the hell of it."

The conversational air of his voice drops away with his next words, spoken just at your side.

"Nobody ever hears me."

It sends you into a frenzy. You shriek again, thrashing wildly and banging your body against the metal behind you. The man doesn't make you stop, and it makes your feel powerless.

A light turns on above you, searing white. You're blinded, crying out and shying away with a wince. A moment later, a great shape comes between the light and yourself. When your eyes finally manage to focus, you see him clearly for the first time.

Your captor is middle aged. He's a rugged-looking man, with dark hair and a serious, concentrated expression. He's staring down at you, and it isn't the stare of a crazed madman. He doesn't look at you with anger, or desire, or even interest. No, beneath his eye you feel like… like meat, set out for the butcher. The educated side of your mind knows that fighting your restraints is pointless. The animal side starts struggling anyway.

The man rolls his eyes, his voice tight with agitation. "You're going to bruise yourself," he notes tiredly. "I need to sedate you."

He steps away, and you snap your head to the side in an attempt to keep him in your eyeline. The light informs you of your immediate surroundings, now. You're on a medical table, in a surprisingly small, secluded room. Beside you is an array of surgical implements, and a fresh surge of terror lurches up your spine. Maybe if you could take one of those scalpels −

"Nice place, right?" the man prods, and when he turns to face you once more he's holding a syringe and a vial of clear liquid. He fills the syringe, taps the bubbles from it, unhurried. "Built it myself. Not for me, though, for my husband. He can be a bit particular about his living spaces, so I figured it'd be best to just skip all the hassle and renovate the basement myself. I'm pretty proud of it. All surgical-grade, no leaks, no drafts, no pests."

You scream and try to flinch away when he brings the needle to your arm, but he just grabs your arm firmly and continues. "It's all a bit… clinical for my tastes, if I'm being honest with you. I usually do my own work in a shed out back − and no, nobody would've heard you there, either. But I'm going for something different, today. Basement made more sense. More controlled, you know?"

The sedative spreads through your system, traveling faster than it normally would due to the thundering of your pulse. "W-who are you?" you ask, and your voice is hardly recognizable. It's wrecked, raw. "Where am I? Why are you doing this?"

The man smirks as he sets the sedative aside, reaching for a sterile pair of surgeon's gloves. "The big three," he mutters with an unnerving chuckle. "What everybody wants to know. I'm Will, you're underneath my house. And as for the *why,*" He looks you in the eye for the first time since you woke up, and you shudder. He smiles. "It's my anniversary, if you can believe it."

Once again, he begins moving about the room. Acquainting himself with the space, the instruments. He sets out a metal pan, for collecting whatever he's about to extract. "They say the best gift is one you make yourself, so I'm surprising him. Five course dinner. And I've always let my husband take the lead on the whole… presentation side of things. Not that I can't cook for myself. I know my way around the kitchen, it's just that he's so damn *good* at what he does. But hey,"

Will lifts a bonesaw, its teeth glimmering in the light. It won't be the only set of teeth that meets your flesh tonight.

"Practice makes perfect."

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